

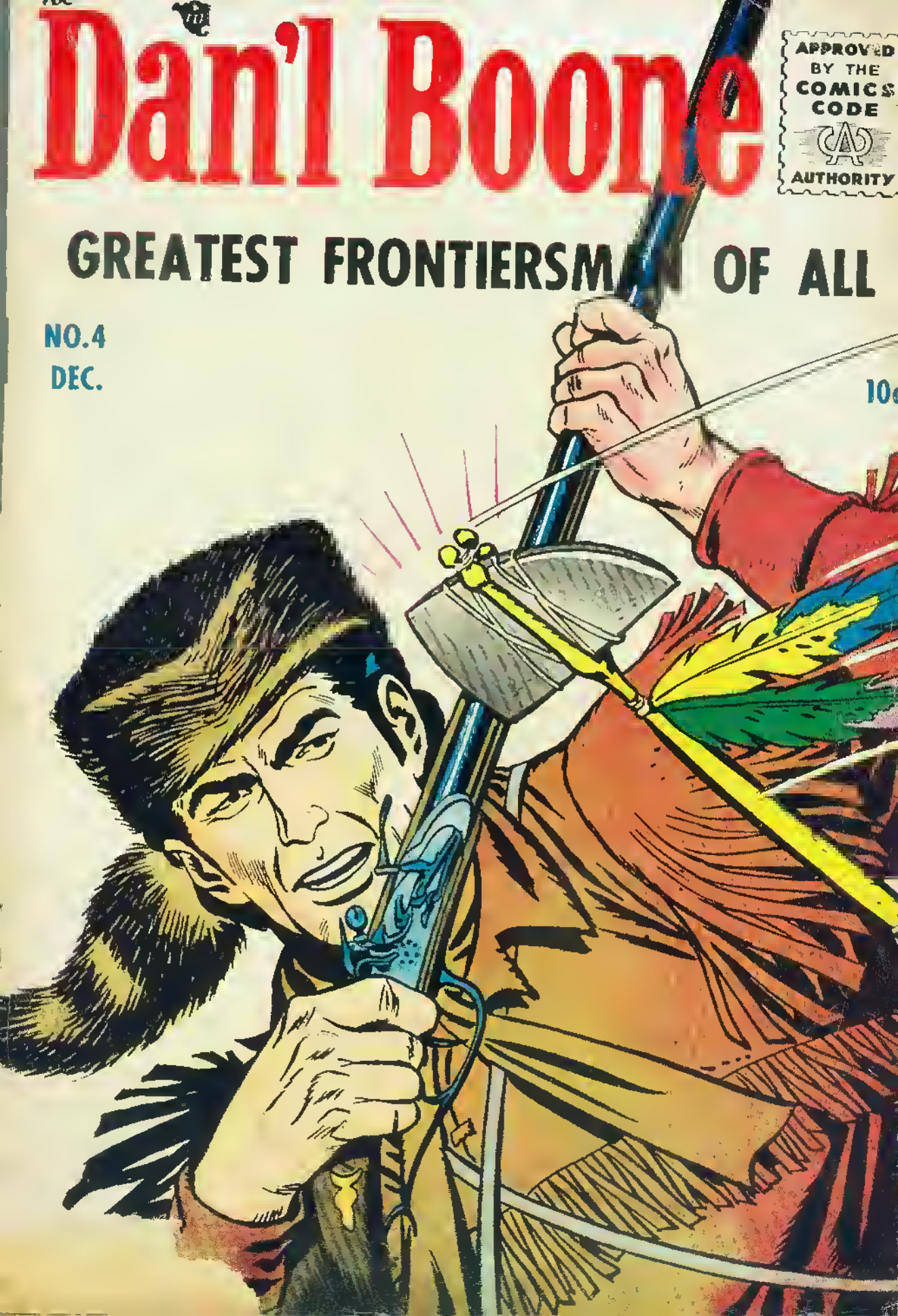
Dan'l Boone

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BY THE
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CODE
AUTHORITY

GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

NO.4
DEC.

10¢



The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres including superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid centrally is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.



Radio's Super-Special HARMONICA STAR Cowboy TIM CALHOUN, who teaches harmonica like he plays it, but GOOD! That's why all the guys say "Stick with Tim, and on the life of the party."

Start to play Real MUSIC ON THE HARMONICA in 15 Minutes Flat!

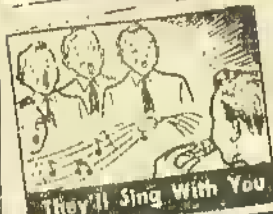
RICH CHORDS AND TRICKIEST TUNES A SNAP WITH NEW SLIDING NOTE FINDER AND HARMONICA!

AT LAST, a way to get hep to being a real harmonica maestro easier than ever before! Big Tim's wonderful "SLIDING NOTE FINDER" Harmonica helps you to pick your notes . . . add your chords . . . do all the hardest things easier . . . so you can start taking bows in practically no time! Fun? . . . and how! Read the exciting details below!



A STAR OVERNIGHT—THAT'S YOU!

See this Note Finder! You slide it back and forth, pick out your note, add your chords! That's All!



They'll Sing With You



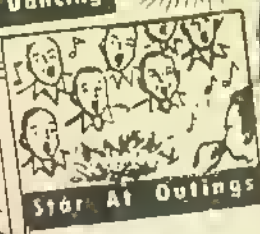
Play for Dancing

ONLY \$1

Honest, Pal, you don't know what real fun is 'til you get "Harmonica hol!" the exciting Tim Calhoun way! Boy oh Boy! Watch the gang gather when you swing those cowboy favorites! Hear 'em whistle and sing as you roll into "Oh Susanna!" And will you have to run when the girls swoon over your ballads. At dances, hikes, picnics, beach parties . . . who's Mr. Popularity? Nobody but you!

START TO PLAY RIGHT AWAY with SLIDING NOTE FINDER!

You name it! Be-bop, swing, hillbilly, waltzes, mambos, jive—with Tim's SLIDING NOTE FINDER you actually pick out the right notes at once. Instead of worrying about ten openings, you actually select the right one, with your SLIDING NOTE FINDER. You can play melodies right away . . . then add the right chords almost automatically . . . first thing you know you're playing wonderful music, just like Tim.



Star At Outings

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TIM'S NEW, ALL-PICTURE SPEED COURSE!

YOU LEARN LATEST RHYTHM ROPES whizzing through Tim's exciting Speed Course! You don't even have to read a note of music. You just whiz along with plain-as-PICTURE directions. Then in minutes you're whizzing through harmonica music that makes super-swell listening. Speed Course gives you music words and works for 38 of your all-time favorites like — Yankee Doodle, Old Black Joe, Oh My Little Darling, For He's A Jolly Good Fellow, Home Sweet Home, Reuben Reuben, Comin' Thru' The Rye, Pop Goes The Weasel— and 30 MORE!

Plus FREE DOPE ON HARMONICA TRICKS

Want to imitate a train coming in? Scare all the girls with hair-raising "Ghost Noises"? It's EASY with Tim wising you up on these and lots more professional harmonica tricks!

SNAP UP TIM'S "NO RISK" OFFER NOW!

GRAB TIM'S "NO RISK" OFFER TODAY

When your pal Tim says "No Risk", he means just that. So treat yourself to this amazing deal today. If you don't start to play real tunes right away, just shoot the SLIDING NOTE FINDER HARMONICA for refund! Hurry, while the supply lasts!

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY!

COMPIX, Dept. D.B. 4
10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

OKAY TIM! Here's \$1.00. Shoot me my SLIDING NOTE FINDER HARMONICA, plus FREE Rapid COURSE and dope on harmonica tricks. If I'm not delighted, I may return the Harmonica in 5 days and get my \$1.00 back.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

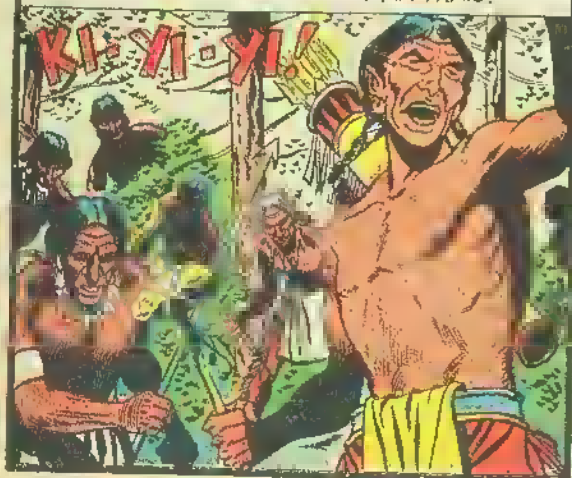
Dan'l Boone



NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN DAN'L BOONE HOW CAREFUL A MAN HAS TO BE WHILE TRAIPSING THROUGH THE FOREST! NO ONE KNOWS BETTER THAN THE GREATEST FRONTIERS-MAN OF THEM ALL THAT

"PERIL SHADOWS THE FOREST TRAIL"

OUT OF THE FOREST THEY COME CHARGING—SHADOWS THAT SHOW THEMSELVES TO BE FIERCE SHAWNEES ON THE WAR TRAIL!



AND BEFORE THEY MELT BACK INTO THE FORESTS...



IT LOOKS AS IF ONE OF THE SETTLEMENT FOLK HAS SLIPPED THROUGH! BUT THAT'S THE FOREST TRAIL HE'S RUNNING ON--



-- AND MORE SHADOWS ARE WAITING!

PALEFACE COMES!

HU-- HE WILL SOON STOP RUNNING!



BUT JUST THEN-- IT IS WIDE-MOUTH* WITH HIS LONG-STICK!



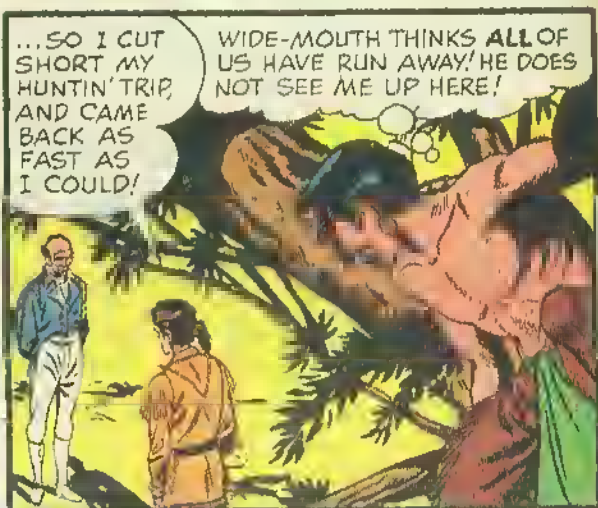
* INDIAN NAME FOR DAN'L BOONE.

LUCKY I HAPPENED BY JUST NOW, STRANGER! I'D HEARD-TELL THE SHAWNEES WERE ON THE WAR TRAIL HERABOUTS...



...SO I CUT SHORT MY HUNTIN' TRIP, AND CAME BACK AS FAST AS I COULD!

WIDE-MOUTH THINKS ALL OF US HAVE RUN AWAY! HE DOES NOT SEE ME UP HERE!



HEY--THAT SHADOW!... SOMEBODY'S JUMPIN' AT ME!



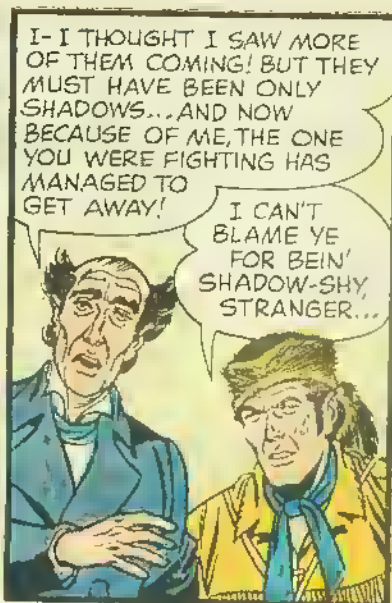
QUICK AS A CAT, BOONE TURNS AND GIVES FIGHT TO THE SHAWNEE WARRIOR! BUT THEN...

MORE OF THEM!... MORE OF THEM OVER HERE!!





TOO BAD I CAN'T STAY TO FIGHT YE TO THE FINISH— BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THAT STRANGER'S IN NEED OF MORE HELP!

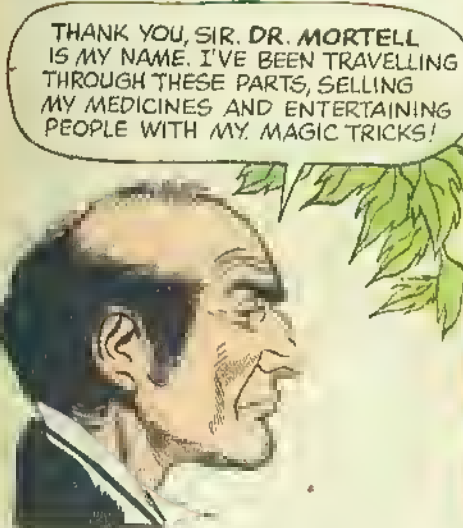


I—I THOUGHT I SAW MORE OF THEM COMING! BUT THEY MUST HAVE BEEN ONLY SHADOWS... AND NOW BECAUSE OF ME, THE ONE YOU WERE FIGHTING HAS MANAGED TO GET AWAY!

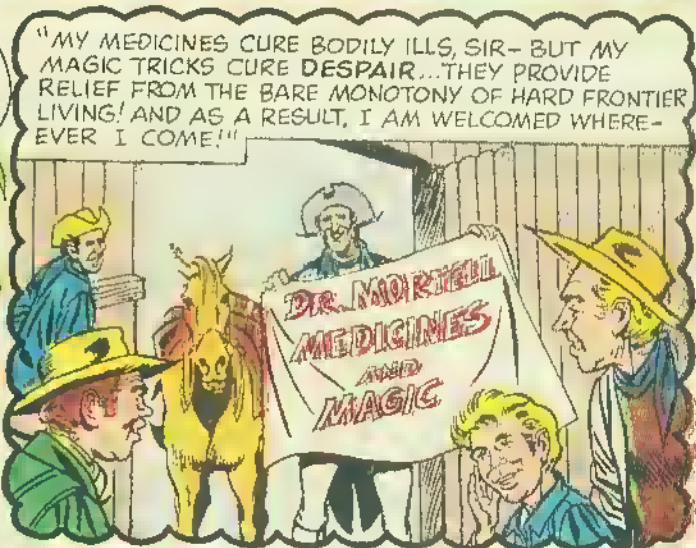
I CAN'T BLAME YE FOR BEIN' SHADOW-SHY, STRANGER...



IN THESE-HERE KAINUCK' FORESTS NOWADAYS, IT'S RIGHT HARD TO TELL A PROPER SHADOW APART FROM A TOMAHAWK-BEARIN' SHAWNEE!



THANK YOU, SIR. DR. MORTELL IS MY NAME. I'VE BEEN TRAVELLING THROUGH THESE PARTS, SELLING MY MEDICINES AND ENTERTAINING PEOPLE WITH MY MAGIC TRICKS!



"MY MEDICINES CURE BODILY ILLS, SIR— BUT MY MAGIC TRICKS CURE DESPAIR... THEY PROVIDE RELIEF FROM THE BARE MONOTONY OF HARD FRONTIER LIVING! AND AS A RESULT, I AM WELCOMED WHERE— EVER I COME!"



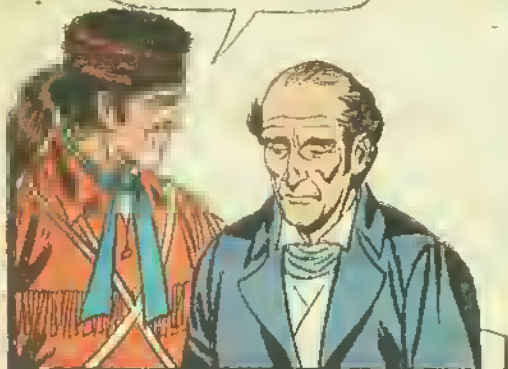
"BUT JUST NOW, SIR, AT HOGAN'S STATION WHERE I WAS PERFORMING SOME MAGIC TRICKS—"

TO THE WALLS, EVERYBODY— THE SHAWNEES ARE ATTACKIN'!



"I—I AM NOT MUCH OF A FIGHTER, SIR. THE NEXT THING I KNEW... I WAS RUNNING FOR MY LIFE!"

YE'VE TALKED ENOUGH, MORTELL. LET'S GET OFF THE TRAIL TO BED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT. COME MORNIN', I'LL GET YE TO WHERE YE'LL BE SAFE.



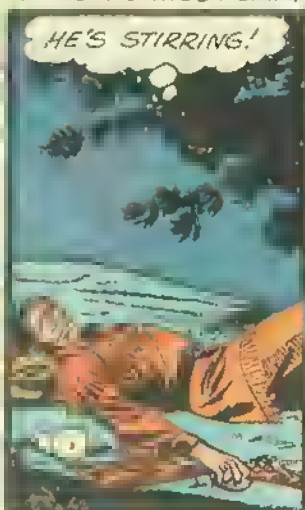
SO THE TWO MEN BED DOWN... BUT EVEN DURING THE NIGHT, SHADOWS PERIL THE FOREST! AND NOW... ONE OF THE SHADOWS STALKS THE SLEEPING BOONE...!



BUT THE SIXTH SENSE THAT MAKES HIM THE GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL, CAUSES BOONE TO STIR IN HIS SLEEP! HIS STRONG HAND REACHES TO STROKE THE FAMED TICK-LICKER THAT NEVER LEAVES HIS SIDE!



AND THE SHADOW SELTS INTO BLACKNESS AGAIN!



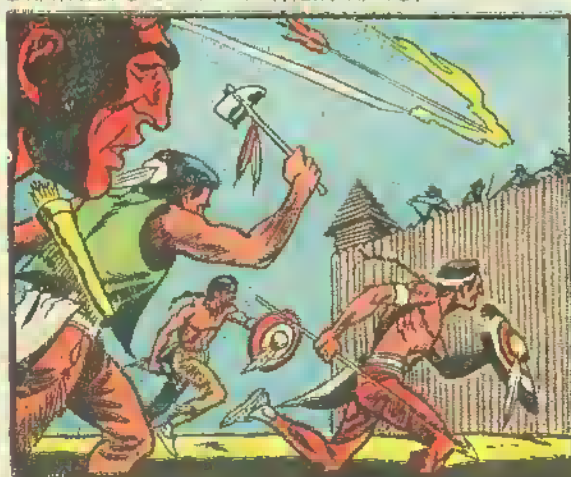
HE'S STIRRING!

IN THE MORNING — HEED MY WORDS, MORTELL, AND CLEAR OUT OF KAINTEKUK! THIS-HERE FRONTIER'S RIGHT UNHEALTHFUL FOR A MAN NOT UP ON HIS INJUN-FIGHTIN'.



I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU, BOONE! BELIEVE ME — NEVER!

DAN'L BOONE'S WORDS PROVE TO BE TRUE ONES! FOR IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE SHAWNEES STEP UP THEIR RAIDS!



ONLY NOW THERE IS A BIG DIFFERENCE!



FOR DAN'L BOONE IS BACK!
AND BOONE SEES TO IT THAT
ALL STOCKADES ARE GUARDED
CLEAR AROUND THE CLOCK...!



...BOONE HAS SET
UP A COURIER
SYSTEM FOR SEND-
ING RUNNERS FOR
HELP AT THE FIRST
SIGN OF AN INDIAN
ATTACK...!



...AND BOONE HAS BLAZED SHORTCUT TRAILS
AMONG THE OUTLAYING STOCKADES...



...SO REINFORCEMENTS ALWAYS ARRIVE IN
RECORD TIME!

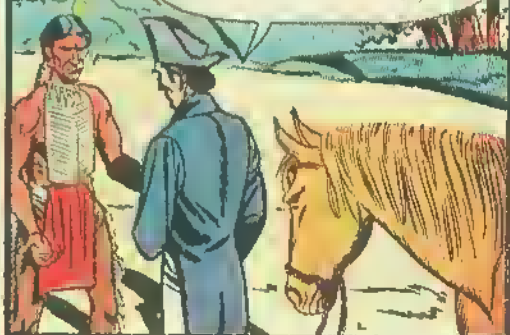


SO THE INDIANS ARE THROWN BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN!
...BUT THESE ARE STILL TROUBLED TIMES--AND IT'S
STRANGE THAT A CERTAIN MAN SHOULD STILL BE
TREADING THE SHADOWY FOREST TRAILS...



IT IS MANY
MOONS
SINCE WE
HAVE SEEN
YOU!

I'VE BEEN LYING LOW
EVER SINCE BOONE
ALMOST CAUGHT ME
MEETING WITH YOU RIGHT
AFTER THE HOGAN'S
STATION RAID. HOW HAVE
YOU BEEN FARING?



NO GOOD! WITHOUT
YOUR HELP, OUR
WARRIORS CAN
NO LONGER
SCALE THE
STOCKADE WALLS!...
BOONE'S TRICKS
ALWAYS STOP
US!

IF I'D ONLY HAD ENOUGH
NERVE TO DO BOONE IN THAT
NIGHT WE SLEPT TOGETHER
ON THE TRAIL...!

YOU KNOW WHAT THIS
MEANS, FRIENDS?



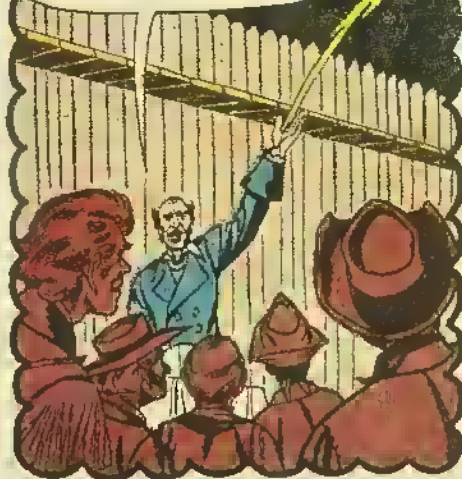
WE'RE IN ON THESE RAIDS TOGETHER--
YOU FOR VENGEANCE BECAUSE YOUR
LAND'S BEING TAKEN... I FOR THE
MONEY YOU STEAL WHILE RAIDING!
WELL, IF WE WANT TO KEEP WORKING
AS A TEAM, OUR FIRST
TASK MUST BE
TO GET
BOONE!



... I'LL GO INTO BOONES-BOROUGH ITSELF! AND AS SOON AS I HAVE EVERY ENTERTAINMENT-STARVED, ABLE-BODIED MAN THERE WATCHING MY TRICKS, AS SOON AS EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM IS DOWN FROM THE STOCKADE WALLS -

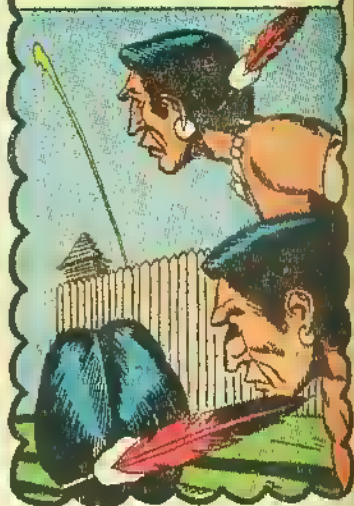


"- I'LL SEND UP A FLARE!"
YOU NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS UP MY SLEEVE, FOLKS!



I'LL WAGER

"AND THAT FLARE, MY FRIENDS, AS ALWAYS, WILL BE YOUR SIGNAL TO ATTACK!"



BUT BOONES-BOROUGH ITSELF...?

HU- THE PLAN IS A GOOD ONE! WE ARE STRONGER NOW THAN BEFORE! MANY WARRIORS HAVE JOINED US FROM THE WEST!

I SAY TOO THE PLAN IS A GOOD ONE! FOR WHEN WE ATTACK... HELP WILL NEVER COME AS FAST TO BOONES-BOROUGH AS IT GOES FROM IT TO OTHERS!



AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER -

A SELFISH MAN WOULD

HEY- I THOUGHT YOU'D CLEARED OUT OF KAINTECK!

HAVE HEEDED YOUR ADVICE, BOONE- BUT I FEEL THE PEOPLE NEED BOTH MY MEDICINE AND MY MAGIC TRICKS!



MAGIC TRICKS? THIS- HERE'S NO TIME FOR-

NOW, DAN'L- YE WOULDN'T BE DEPRIVIN' US OF A MITE OF PLEASURE, WOULD YE?

IT'S BEEN YEARS, DAN'L- SINCE WE'VE SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE THIS!



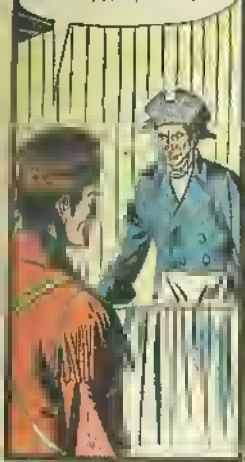
LOOKS LIKE I'M OVER- RULED, MORTELL- WHEN WILL YE BE READY TO SHOW US THOSE TRICKS?

WHEN IT'S DARK! I HAVE ONE SPECIAL TRICK... THAT REQUIRES DARK- NESS AND SHADOWS!



IT'S ALMOST DARK NOW --

I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YE, MORTELL...



NONE OF THE WOMEN-FOLK CAN COME TO YOUR SHOW. THERE'S MEASLES SPREAD AMONGST THE YOUNG 'UNS... AND THEY HAVE TO BE TENDIN' 'EM!

AS IF I CARED! IT'S THE ABLE-BODIED MEN I WANT WATCHING ME!

THAT'S TOO BAD, BOONE!



IT'S DARK NOW! AND DR. MORTELL IS ABOUT TO START... KNOWING FULL WELL THAT HIS SHAWNEE FRIENDS LIE WAITING IN THE FOREST!



PICK A CARD! SOMEBODY PICK A CARD!

ONLY OLD MEN IN THE FRONT ROW-- BUT THOSE FILING IN BEHIND THEM MUST BE THE YOUNGER ABLE-BODIED MEN! THAT'S TWELVE SO FAR... THIRTEEN... FOURTEEN...

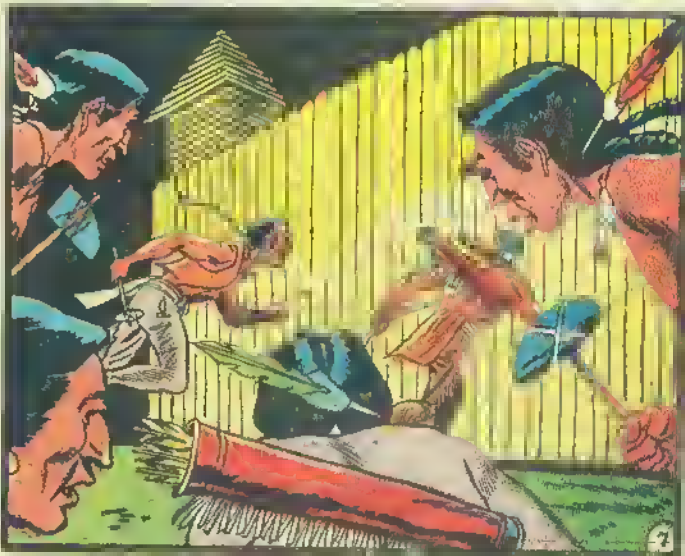


DR. MORTELL KEEPS CAREFUL COUNT, AND WHEN HE'S CERTAIN EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THE STOCKADE HAS EYES ONLY FOR HIM...



I'LL WAGER YOU NEVER DREAMED THAT WAS UP MY SLEEVE, FOLKS!

THE SIGNAL!... FORWARD, WARRIORS!



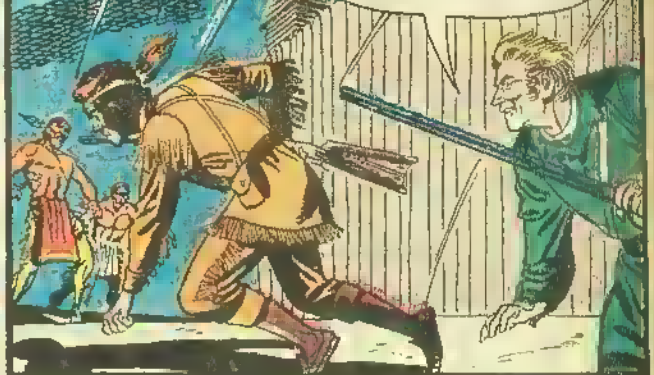
BUT SUDDENLY—

KRAKK! KRAKK! KRAKK!



AT 'EM, ALL YE ABLE-BODIED FRONTIERSMEN! GIVE 'EM SALT AND PEPPER!

THE WAY WE AIM TO FLUSTERATE 'EM, DAN'L—IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THEY EVEN THINK OF THE WAR TRAIL AGAIN!



WH-WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?

STAND FAST, DOCTOR—DAN'L BOONE SUSPECTED YE! SO HE HAD ALL US OLDSTERS STAND IN FRONT, AND THOSE WHO STOOD BEHIND US WERE **WOMEN-FOLK DRESSED IN MEN'S CLOTHIN'**!



—LEAVIN' ALL THE ABLE-BODIED MEN TO STAND GUARD AGAINST THE RAID DAN'L RECKONED WAS COMIN'!



AFTER THE RUCKUS—

I HAD A HUNCH THINGS WEREN'T RIGHT WHEN YE SHOWED UP HERE INSTEAD OF CLEARIN' OUT OF KAINTEKUK! SO I BACKTRAILED YE FROM BOONESBOROUGH TILL I FOUND WHERE YOUR TRACKS MINGLED WITH A PASSEL OF MOCCASIN TRACKS. THAT SPELLED OUT THAT YE WERE IN LEAGUE WITH THE SHAWNEES—SO BEFORE YE COULD HOLD YOUR SHOW, WE COOKED UP ONE OF OUR OWN...



THERE'LL BE NO MAGIC TRICKS WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', MORTELL—JUST THE FAIR JUDGEMENT OF TWELVE HONEST ANGRY MEN IN A JURY BOX.



LATER— WHERE'RE YE HEADIN' FOR, DAN'L?

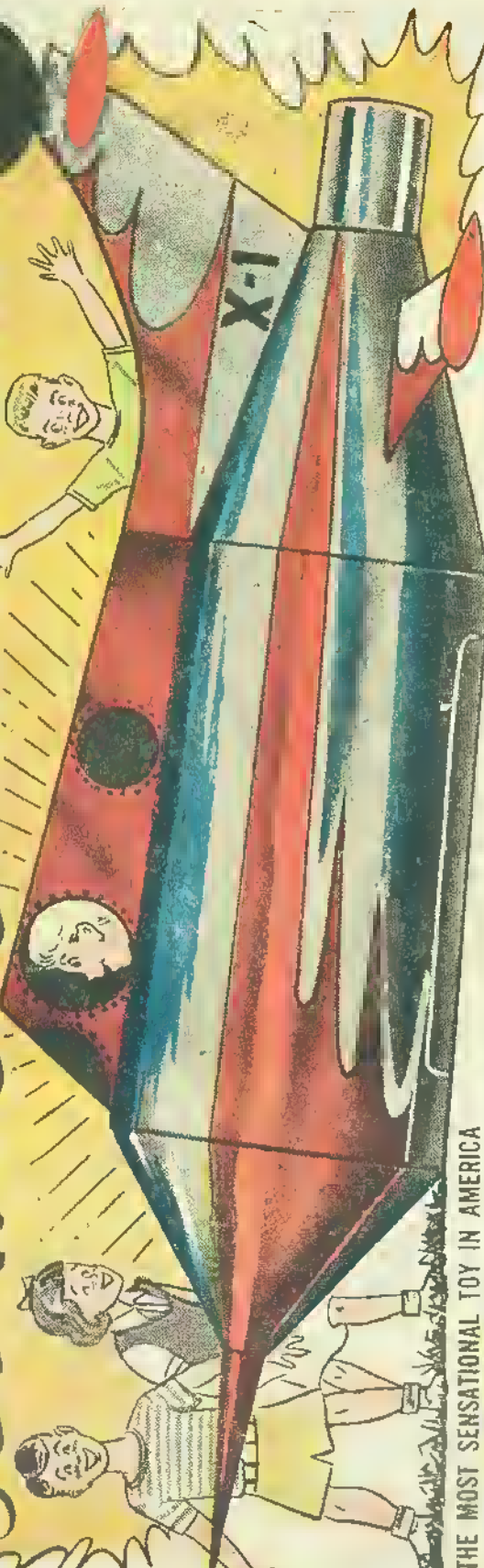
RECKON

I'LL TRAIPISE IN THE FORESTS FOR A SPELL. WITH ALL ITS SHADOWS... AT LEAST THERE, A MAN HAS ELBOW ROOM...!



The End

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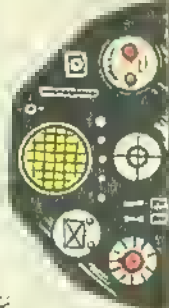
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Dan'l Boone

THE OHIO RIVER WAS THE PATHWAY TO THE WILDERNESS. HERE CAME THE FLATBOATS AND THE BATEAUS, PILOTED BY HARDBITTEN CAPTAINS AND CREWMEN. SUCH A ROUGH, TOUGH CAPTAIN WAS **BIG MIKE TRENT**... BUT BIG MIKE WAS MORE THAN A MERE RIVER-PILOT, AS **DAN'L BOONE** WAS TO DISCOVER, HE WAS A -

**Renegade
ON THE
River!**

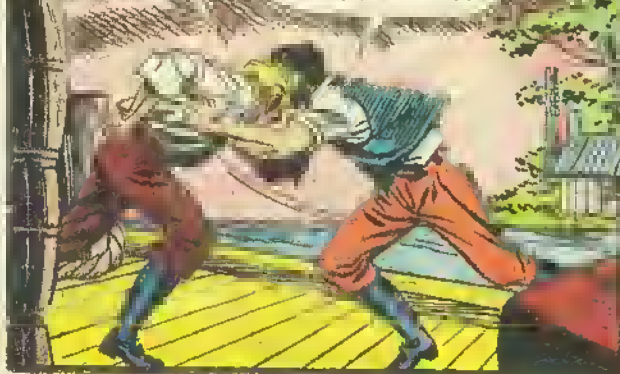
HIT HIM, ONE O' YOU MEN! CAN'T YE SEE HE'S TOO MUCH FOR **ME** TO HANDLE?



FORT PITT IS THE PORT OF LADING FOR THE OHIO BOATS. HERE MEN LOAD FLOUR AND TOOLS, CATTLE AND TRADE GOODS - IN BETWEEN THEIR ETERNAL FIGHTS -

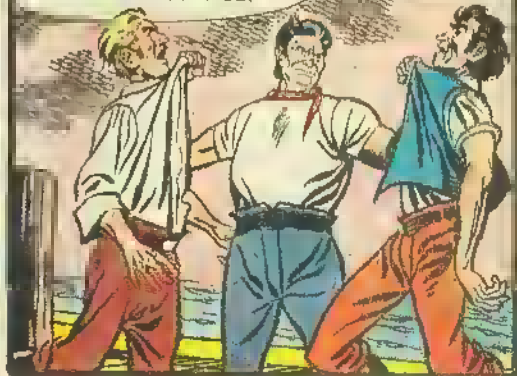
I SAY
YE **CAN'T!**

DAGNAB IT, I **CAN** LICK THE
STUFFINGS OUT OF YE, AN'
I'LL PROVE IT!



A VOICE BOOMS OUT. TWO HAM-LIKE HANDS REACH DOWN AND UP! **BIG MIKE TRENT** HAS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE!

HERE, NOW! NONE O'THIS ON **MIKE TRENT'S**
TIME! AMUSE YERSELVES
SOME OTHER PLACE!



WHAT'S SO HEAVY
ABOUT AN **ANCHOR** IT
TAKES **THREE** MEN TO HEAVE
IT UP ON DECK? YE'RE HELP-
LESS AS BABES, I SWEAR!



YE CAN PLEASE YERSELVES. I'M FOR SLEEPIN' OUT UNDER THE STARS!

 A man wearing a dark hat, a light-colored t-shirt, and a dark vest is walking away from the viewer towards the left. He has a determined expression. In the background, a campfire is burning brightly, and several people are sitting around it. The scene is set outdoors at night.

I'VE BROUGHT THE GUNPOWDER BARRELS AS PART OF MY CARGO. NOW WHAT'S THE GOLD?

CHIEF HARD HAND HAVE BETTER THAN GOLD, LOOK- I SHOW YOU!

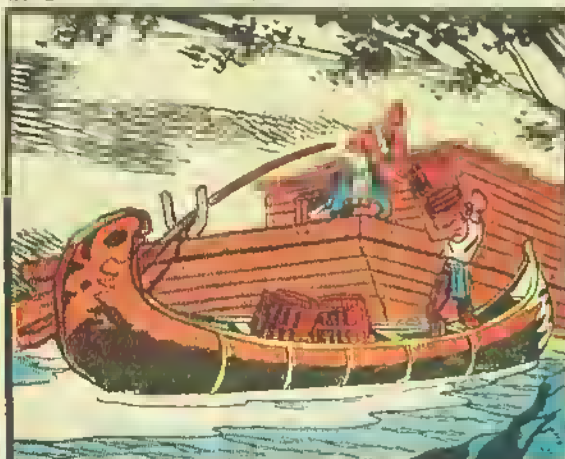
THE SHAWNEE WARCRY LIFTS INTO THE MORNING AIR!



THE FIGHT IS SOON OVER. THE RIVERMEN ARE TIED UP AND MADE PRISONERS...



THE BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER ARE PUT OVERSIDE INTO THE WAR CANOES...



BIG MIKE IS LEFT ALONE - TO REFLECT ON THE PROFITS A MAN CAN MAKE BY BETRAYING HIS FELLOWS...



SOME DISTANCE AWAY, DAN'L BOONE IS OUT HUNTING GAME FOR THE SETTLEMENT AT BOONESBORO...

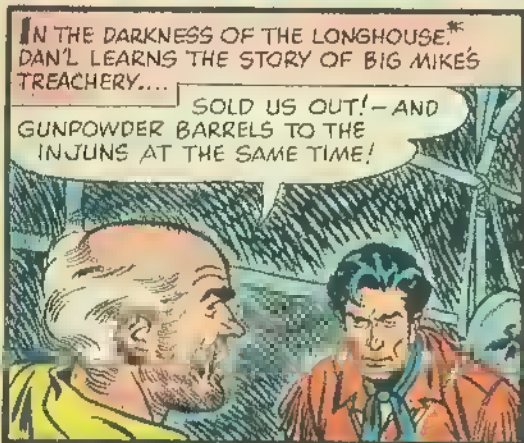
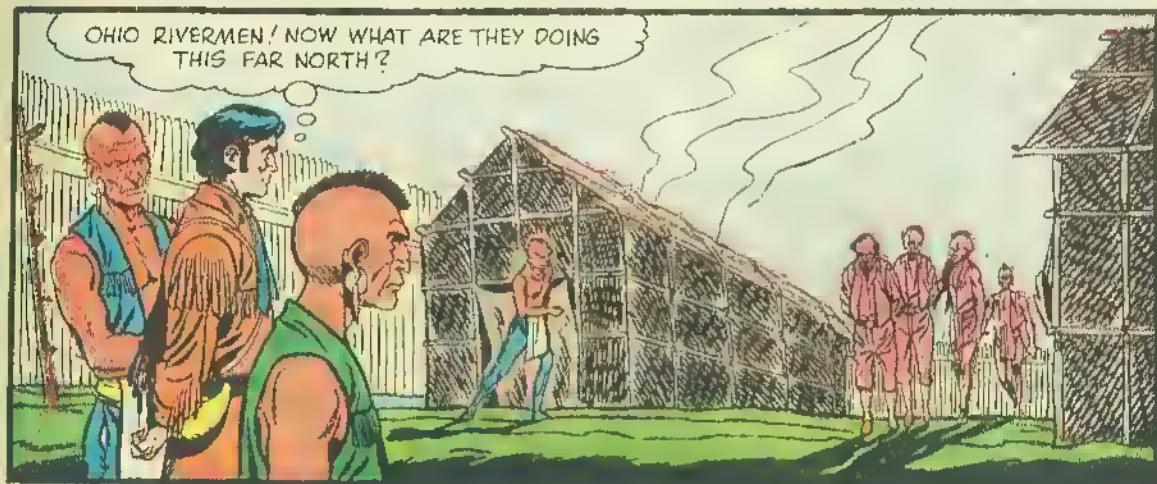


NOTHING LIKE FISHING FOR PEACE AND QUIET!

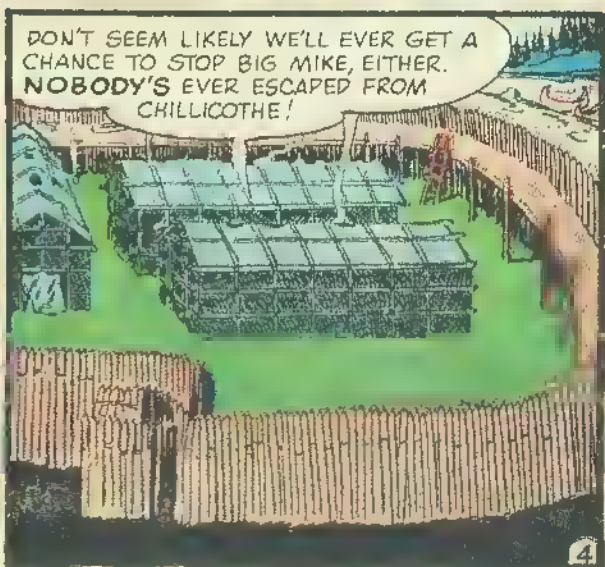




BOTH WAR PARTIES ARRIVE AT THE SHAWNEE VILLAGE OF CHILLICOTHE ON THE MIAMI RIVER...

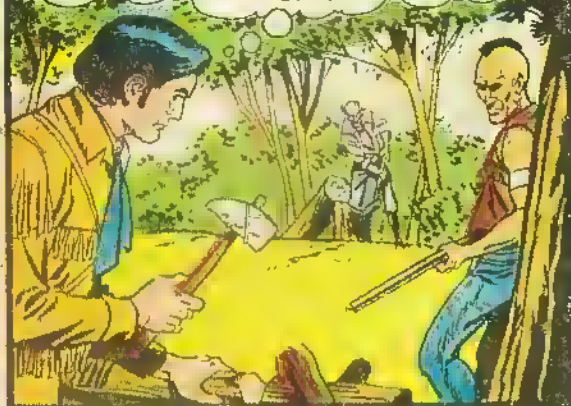


*EDITOR'S NOTE: THE SHAWNEES ALTHOUGH A NOMAD TRIBE, LIVED FOR A WHILE NEAR THE IROQUOIS, AND ADOPTED MANY OF THEIR HABITS AND CUSTOMS.

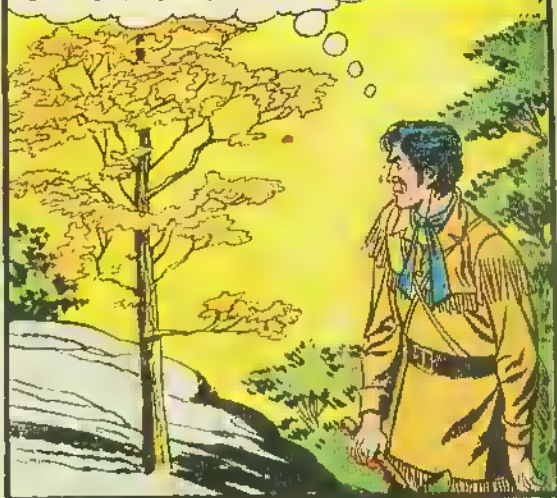


NEXT DAY, DAN'L BOONE IS TAKEN INTO THE WOODS AND PUT TO WORK WITH THE RIVERMEN TO CHOP FIREWOOD...

...OUGHT TO BE A WAY TO ESCAPE, BUT HANGED IF I CAN THINK OF ONE!



SASSAFRAS! MEBBE WE'LL FIND A WAY OUT O' THIS PLACE YET!



LATER, AS THE RIVERMEN PASS AMONG THE CAMPFIRE WITH THEIR LOADS OF FIREWOOD--

DAN'L SAID TO DROP THESE SASSAFRAS ROOTS INTO THE COOKING POTS!



AN HOUR AFTER THE EVENING MEAL--

ALL OF THEM SOUND ASLEEP! FRONTIER DOCTORS PRESCRIBE SASSAFRAS TEA TO MAKE THEIR PATIENTS SLEEP I MERELY DID THE SAME THING!



AT A RAPID TROT, DAN'L LEADS THE RIVERMEN SOUTH AWAY FROM THE SHAWNEE VILLAGE--

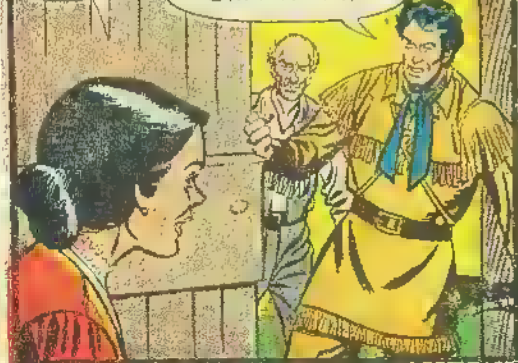
THEY'LL SLEEP UNTIL DAWN. BY THEN, IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO FOLLOW US!



AFTER SEVERAL DAYS' TRAVEL, THE LOG GATE AT BOONESBORO SWINGS WIDE IN WELCOME--

WELCOME HOME, DAN'L!

I WON'T BE A-STAYING LONG. I'LL BE NEEDING FOOD FOR A JOURNEY UP TO THE OHIO RIVER!



MIKE TRENT FURNISHES GUNPOWDER TO THE INJUNS. I THINK IT'S HIGH TIME HE LEARNED A LESSON!



ALONE, DAN'L BOONE SLIPS
AWAY INTO THE WILDERNESS—

THE RIVERMEN SAY MIKE
OUGHT TO BE REACHING THE
JUNCTURE OF THE BIG LICK
RIVER AND THE OHIO SOON!
I AIM TO MEET HIM THERE!

SOME DAYS LATER, ON THE
OHIO—

DON'T SHOOT! IT'S
DAN'L BOONE!

BOYS, I CAME TO WARN YOU AGIN
BIG MIKE! HE BETRAYED HIS LAST
CREW TO THE INJUNS. I RECKON HE
MOUGHT BE AIMIN' TO BETRAY YE
TOO!

A LIE!

I'LL TEACH YE TO SAY SUCH THINGS
ABOUT BIG MIKE TRENT!

BIG MIKE IS STRONG— BUT DAN'L BOONE IS NO
COWED RIVERMAN TO BREAK TO HIS FLASHING FISTS!

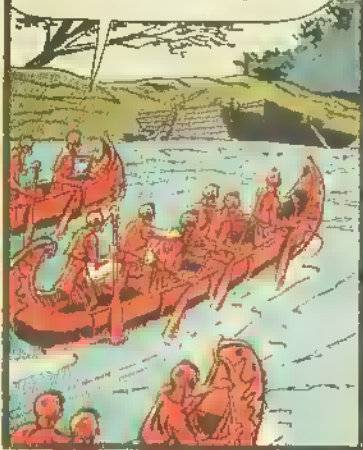
THE INJUNS TAUGHT ME DIFFERENT WRESTLIN'
TRICKS THEY USE. SOMETIMES THEY COME IN
RIGHT HANDY!

AVAST, THERE! ONE O' YOU
MEN GRAB AN QARLOCK—
AND LAY IT OVER HIS HEAD!

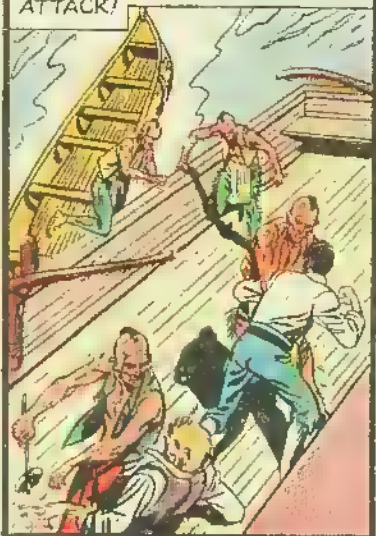
I DON'T LIKE TO DO THIS TO BOONE— BUT BIG
MIKE WOULD MAKE ME SORRY IF I DIDN'T DO IT,
HE'S SUCH AN ORNERY BULLY!

AS IF THE BLOW THAT FELS
DAN'L IS A SIGNAL—

BIG MIKE SAY HE BRING
ANOTHER FAT FLATBOAT!

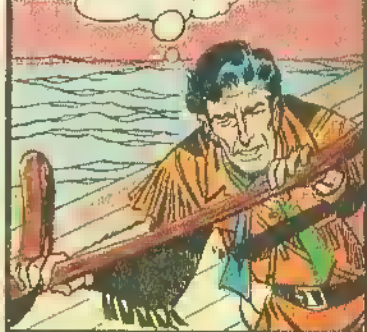


THE INDIANS LEAP TO THE
ATTACK!

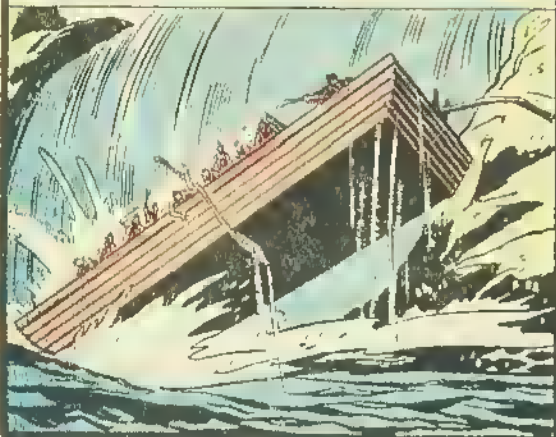


DAN'L STRUGGLES BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS. IN ANOTHER
MOMENT THE SHAWNEES WILL
OVERCOME THE RIVERMEN! HE
STAGGERS TO HIS FEET—
REACHES FOR THE STEERING OAR!

I'LL POLE IT AWAY FROM THE
RIVERBANK OUT INTO THE
RAPIDS!

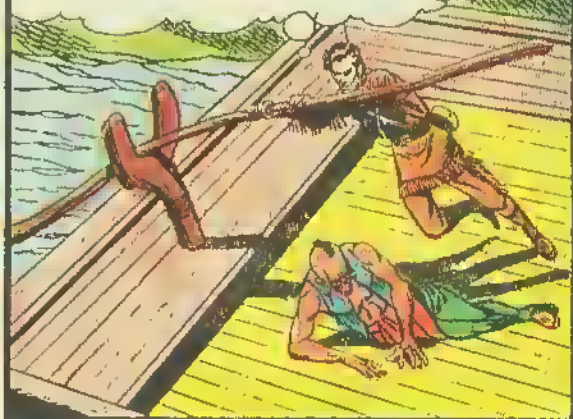


ALONG THIS SECTION OF THE RIVER, THE
WATERS BOIL AND STEAM IN A STRETCH OF
FURIOUS RAPIDS. THE FLATBOAT BUCKS AND
LEAPS LIKE AN UNTAMED HORSE!



UNUSED TO THE ROCKING MOTION OF THE BOAT,
THE SHAWNEES BECOME SEASICK!

A FEW MORE MINUTES—AND THEY ALL BE
HELPLESS AS NEWBORN KITTENS!



THE RIVERMEN TIE UP THEIR
INDIAN ATTACKERS—AND BIG
MIKE AS WELL!

YORE BULLYIN'

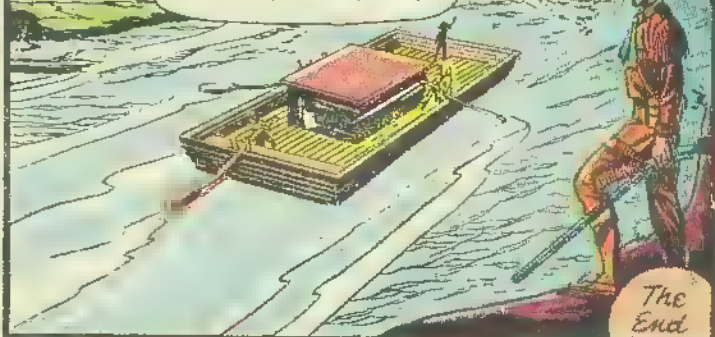
WAYS ARE DONE,
MIKE!

WE'VE
TUMBLED TO YE AT LAST,
THANKS TO DAN'L HERE!



WITH THEIR CARGO OF PRISONERS FOR THE FORT PITT
AUTHORITIES SAFELY STORED IN THE HOLD, THE FLATBOAT
BEGINS THE LONG JOURNEY HOME...

THEY'LL BE BACK TO PICK UP THE OTHER RIVERMEN
NOW AT BOONESBORO, NOW THAT THE OHIO IS
SAFE FOR TRAVEL!



The
End

HI KIDS! GET IN MY DAVY CROCKETT PLAYHOUSE TENT!

GET YOURS
\$1.00
ONLY COMPLETE

Davy Crockett Frontier life is here for your kiddies to thrill and enjoy in this large size Davy Crockett playhouse tent. Think of it! In your own back yard where the kiddies can play safely you can set this tent up in a jiffy for frontier and pioneer enjoyment. Even set it up in the house on rainy days. It's a full 10 ft. around. Large enough for your kiddies to play in with their friends. Presto Change you set it up in seconds. No tools needed. Slips over any standard cord table. Made of sturdy, durable, washable, safe—flameproof DuPont plastic. The realistic Davy Crockett design adds a picturesque touch of realism. Now, for the first time, can your kiddies live in the great outdoors just like America's favorite hero Davy Crockett. This Davy Crockett playhouse tent brings the wild woolly West right to your door. Rush your order while supplies are available at the low price of \$1.00 for your complete Davy Crockett playhouse tent.

AN
IDEAL
GIFT

LARGE
ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS
SETS UP IN A JIFFY
NO TOOLS NEEDED

Now your favorite kiddies anywhere can be happy with a gift of this giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent.

STURDILY BUILT OF DU PONT DURABLE PLASTIC

No matter how rough the kiddies abuse this heavy plastic giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent it will withstand their vicious attacks. Makers realizing how rough kiddies can be have used extra heavy plastic to ensure long, long wear. It has already been hoiled by parents as a wonderful plaything creation. Your kiddies will enjoy it, too. Order yours today.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Order your giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent at our risk. Set it up and let the kiddies play with it. If not delighted return in 10 days for full refund of the purchase price. Supplies are limited. Price is \$1.00 plus 25c for postage, packing and handling. Only 3 to a customer. Rush coupon now before this offer is withdrawn.

COMPIX, Dept. DB4

10 Murray St., New York 7, N. Y.

Send your newly created, colorful, complete giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent at once. It is understood if I am not delighted after 10 day trial I will return for full refund of the purchase price.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 plus 25c for postage, for each giant Davy Crockett playhouse tent ordered.

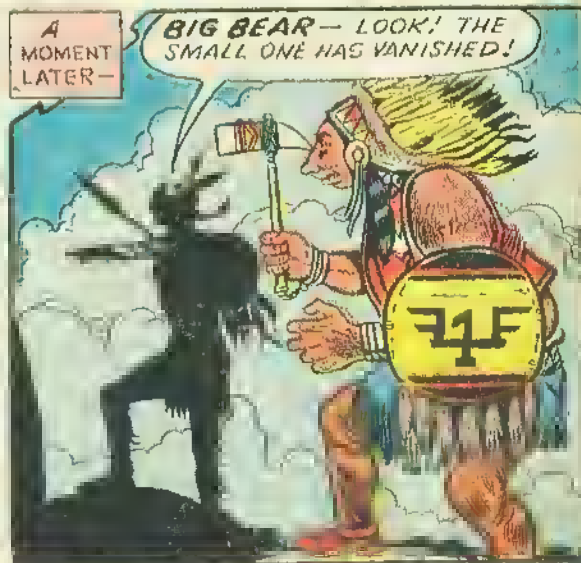
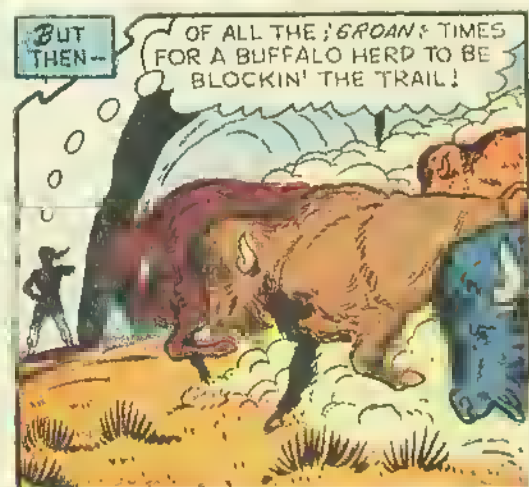
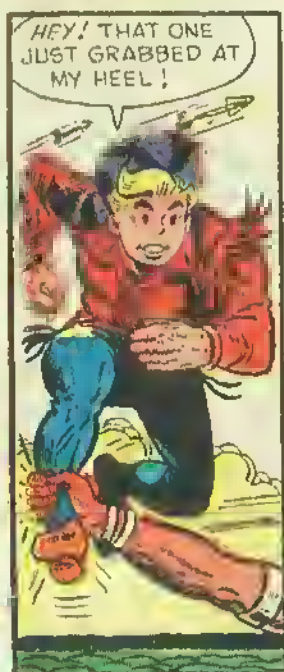
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

JOLLY JIM DANDY



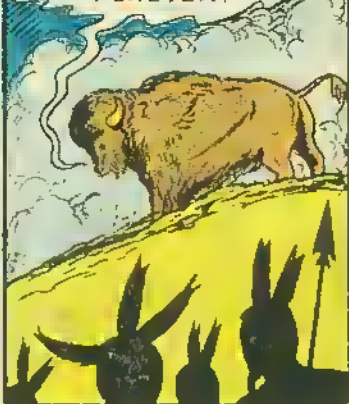
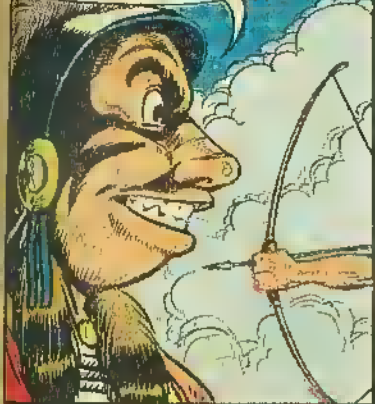
EDITOR'S NOTE: (BUFFALO HERDS RANGED AS FAR EAST AS PENNSYLVANIA IN DAN'L BOONE'S DAY.)

THEN THE HERD MUST HAVE TRAMPLED HIM! FIX YOUR ARROWS, MY WARRIORS—WE WILL CARRY BUFFALO MEAT BACK TO CAMP TODAY!

AT THAT MOMENT—

THIS IS A SACRED HERD! GO AWAY—OR YOUR TRIBE WILL BE HAUNTED FOREVER!

W-WE G-GO—
OH, S-SACRED
BUFFALO!



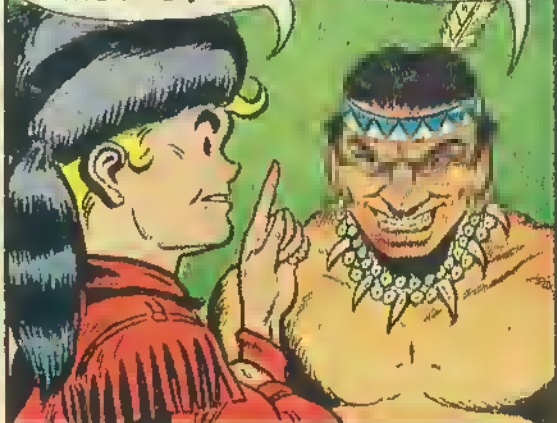
TRICKED 'EM BY CLINGIN' TO THE UNDER-BELLY OF THIS SHAGGY CRITTER, AND DOIN' HIS TALKIN' FOR HIM!

UH-OH! ONE OF THOSE INJUNS TRIPPED WHILE RUNNIN' AWAY, AND TWISTED HIS ANKLE!



HEY, YOU—HOW COME YOUR TRIBE'S BEEN DOIN' LITTLE ELSE OF LATE ASIDE FROM TRYIN' TO CATCH ME?

HAVE YOU NOT HEARD? OUR NEW CHIEF IS **BIG BEAR!**



BIG BEAR? HMMM—COULD **HE** BE THE YOUNG BRAVE I FLUNG TO THE GROUND ONCE?*

HE IS THE SAME! BUT NOW HE IS FULL GROWN AND OUR CHIEF, AND STILL LOOKING FOR REVENGE!



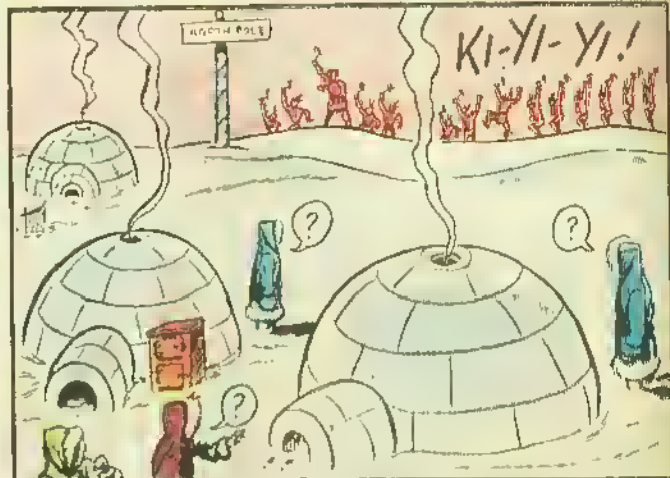
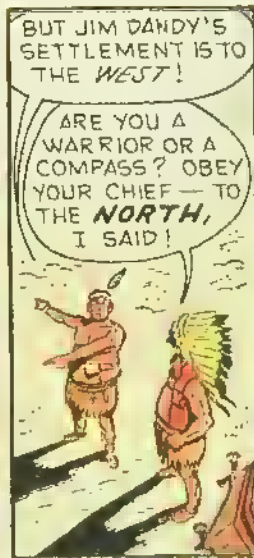
NOT LONG AFTER—

WHO SENDS SMOKE SIGNALS?

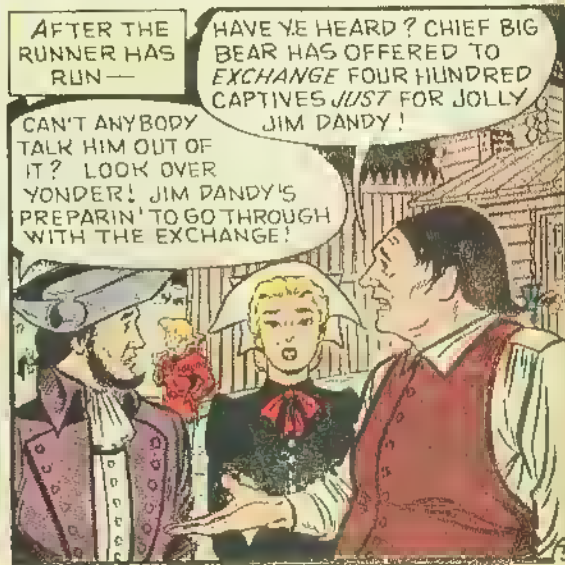
NOBODY! IT IS BIG BEAR, OUR CHIEF, THINKING OF A NEW PLAN TO GET JIM DANDY!

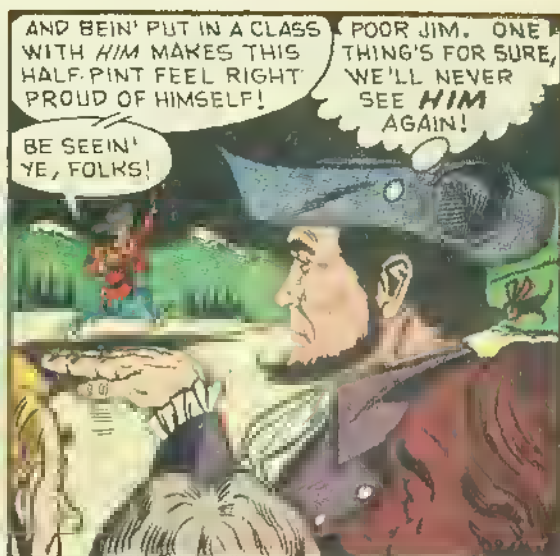


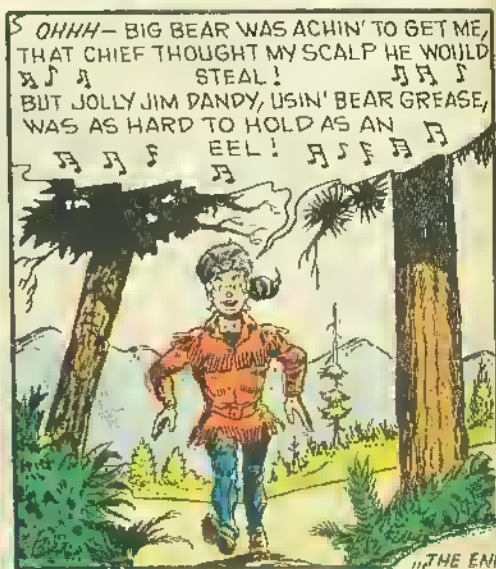
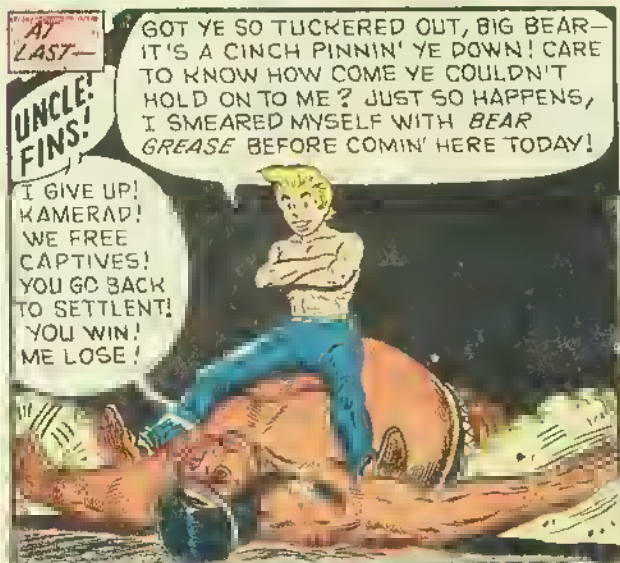
*FOR THE DETAILS OF THAT HILARIOUS ESCAPADE, SEE THE JOLLY JIM DANDY YARN IN DAN'L BOONE, GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF THEM ALL—ISSUE # 1.



(YUP— WE KNOW THE KENTUCKY INDIANS NEVER RAIDED THIS FAR NORTH! BUT IN A JOLLY JIM DANDY YARN, SUCH THINGS HAPPEN)







THE END.

100 TOY SOLDIERS

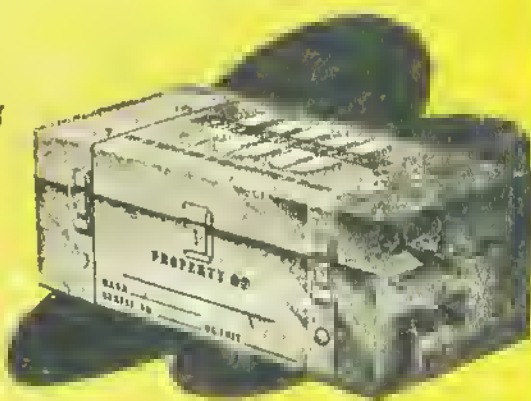
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100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC,
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE, MEASURING UP TO 4 1/2" H

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- ★ FUN TO TRADE
- ★ FUN TO COLLECT

PACKED in this FOOTLOCKER
TOY STORAGE BOX



EACH FOOTLOCKER CONTAINS:

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 4 Tanks | 8 Officers |
| 4 Jeeps | 8 Waves |
| 4 Battleships | 8 Wacs |
| 4 Cruisers | 4 Bombers |
| 4 Sailars | 4 Trucks |
| 4 Riflemen | 8 Jet Planes |
| 8 Machinegunners | 8 Cannan |
| 8 Sharpshaaters | 4 Bazaakamen |
| 4 Infantrymen | 4 Marksmen |

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NO COD'S

We bring you the fourth in a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

THE TUNNEL

"THEY'VE started war-whoopin'," Jim Kirby said grimly. "Listen to 'em."

There were no Indians to be seen — nothing moved out on the moon-silvered clearing that fronted the stockade. But from the black forest beyond, rose the shrill cries of num-berless Indians on the war trail.

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

"Hear 'em, Tad?" Jim Kirby said.

Young Tad Jones nodded. Yup, he heard them. They drowned out everything else a boy might hear in the night — crickets or birds or deers thrashing through the brush. Drowned them not with loudness — but with sheer weight of danger.

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

"They sure can't be aimin' to surprise us," one of the other frontiersmen up on the parapet said.

"They know they have us far outnumbered," Kirby said. "Your rifle loaded, Tad?"

Tad nodded again. He swallowed hard. He had been in Indian ruckuses before. But those had been skirmishes out in the open — surprise meetings crammed with action that didn't leave time for thought, and over with fast.

Never like this — trapped inside a stockade, knowing they were coming, but not being able to move because they were coming on all sides. Waiting for long hours up on the parapet wall, listening. . . .

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

Tad felt a soft weight on his shoulder. He looked, and Jim Kirby's hand was there. "Things are never as bad as they seem,"

Kirby said. "Now look straight ahead. See that clearin'? It affords us a fine field of fire. River's on the other three sides — so they can't come at us except across that clearin'. And when they come, Tad, all we have to do is pepper 'em from up here — and it'll be over before ye know it."

Tad forced a smile. "Those Indians don't stand a chance," he started saying — when suddenly the forest erupted hundreds of screaming, lance-hurling Indians.

KRAKK!

Jim Kirby had fired first. Now the others on the parapet joined in, each man on target, methodically thinning the ranks of the charging Indians.

One more fusillade — and the Indians melted back into the forest.

No more war-whoops now. No more lances. Sobered by the deadly rain of lead from the stockade wall, the Indians reached for their own rifles.

Tad was reloading up on the parapet wall, feeling fine, whistling as he was driving the charge home with his ramrod, when the ricochet hit him.

The whining bullet had the force of a giant fist. Tad felt himself falling through fathomless darkness. . . .

* * *

When he next opened his pain-blurred eyes, he was lying on a crude bunk. He frowned puzzledly — but then, smelling

smoke and hearing gunfire, he remembered. . . .

"The parapet! Have to get back up onto the parapet!" he said aloud. And he was halfway to the door when the weakness hit him, turning his knees to rubber — and he crumpled to the floor of the cabin.

How long he lay there, he never knew. He was awakened by Jim Kirby's voice saying, "Your place is in bed, Tad." And he saw that Kirby had carried him back to the bunk.

"H-how's the fight going?"

"Not too good, Tad. They've been layin' siege to us over ten days now."

"TEN DAYS?!"

"Yup — that's how long ye've been lyin' here, burnin' with fever, callin' out for help over and over again."

"Me — calling for help?"

Kirby permitted himself a wry smile. "At first somebody would always come runnin'," he said, "thinkin' maybe one of the Indians had sneaked in — but then we got to know them for fever-cries."

Tad flushed. "It wasn't bad enough," he said bitterly "my not being able to fight alongside of the others — but I had to call men away from the wall as well."

"Ye couldn't help it, boy," Kirby said gently. "Ye had the fever bad." Then, rising — "I have to be gettin' back now. The Indians are keepin' us right-busy with fire-arrows."

Suddenly Tad frowned. "What's that noise?" he said.

For a long moment Kirby stared grimly out toward where a dull steady booming rose from the forest. "For the past three nights," he said heavily, "all night long without stop, they've been beatin' those drums. Never knew them to do it before while a siege was on. . . ."

* * *

Kirby had gone, and Tad was alone again. He lay on the bunk, flushing every time he thought of how he had called men down off the wall by screaming for help in his delirium . . . and then, trying to turn away from his shame, he forced himself to listen to the throbbing drumbeat that kept rising from the forest.

Then, because the listening made him remember that first night on the parapet when the war-whoops had drowned out all other sounds with sheer weight of danger, he idly tried now to see what he could hear besides the ceaseless drumming.

And it was this idle hearing game that caused his face, a few moments later, to writhe in a grimace of shock.

Because from below the stockade, from underground, he could hear the sound of stealthy digging!

Tad gasped. A TUNNEL! That's why the Indians were beating those drums — to

drown out the sound of digging! And that's why they were using the fire-arrows too — to keep the frontiersmen so busy that none of them would have a moment to hear anything besides the drums! And meanwhile the Indians were tunneling their way in right under the stockade wall!

"A TUNNEL! THEY'RE DIGGIN' A TUNNEL! COME QUICK!"

Tad kept calling as loud as he could . . . and at first when no one came, he thought it meant this was all a bad dream. But then he realized his friends must be thinking these cries were the same as the others!

Instead of heeding his warning of terrible danger, they thought the fever had struck him again, and he was ranting deliriously. . . .

The sound of digging had grown louder. It was rising toward the surface, crunching upward, already far inside the wall. . . .

Tad was sobbing hopelessly now. He had tried to drag himself across the room only to be overcome by the same weakness.

The digging swelled even louder. Any minute now the earth inside the stockade would erupt Indians fluttering their fingers over their mouths and —

"KI-YI-YI! KI-YI-YI!"

The war-whoops, weak and gasping at first, rose shrilly from inside the stockade — and Jim Kirby at the head of a group of frontiersmen, came running grimly.

"Tad — was that YOU?! This-here's no time for jokin', boy! we thought —"

"Believe me — the only way I could make you come was by war-whooping! You wouldn't listen to anything else! . . . Now listen — THEY'RE DIGGING A TUNNEL!"

* * *

After that, Tad blacked out again. He stayed in blackness for a night and a day — and when at last he opened his eyes, he saw a vague figure bending over him. Tad kept squinting till he saw the man clearly — and it was Jim Kirby.

"That was right-quick thinkin' ye did, boy," Kirby said. "Makin' us heed ye by war-whoopin' like ye were an Indian. We heard 'em diggin' all right after ye told us — and we had time to set a charge and cause a cave-in in their tunnel. And in the mornin', a relief column came."

Tad smiled weakly. "It wasn't much," he said. "Things are never as bad as they seem."

Kirby smiled back at him, knowing that Tad was echoing his own comforting words that night up on the parapet.

"Ye're dead right," Kirby said. "'Specially when lads like Tad Jones are fightin' on your side!"

THE END

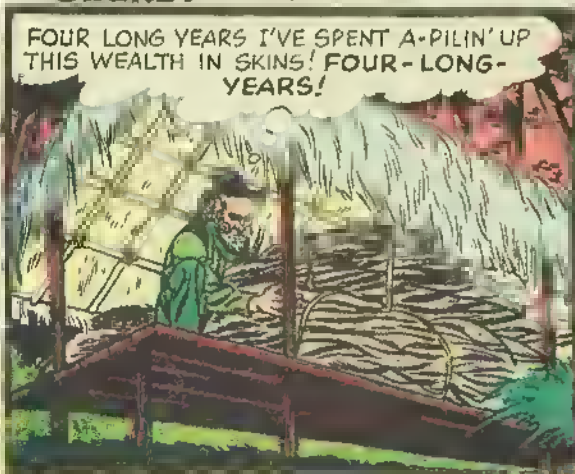
Dan'l Boone

in
"AMBUSH!"

DAN'L BOONE--THE CABIN'S AFIRE!
WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAR OUT AND RUN
HEAD-ON INTO THAT AMBUSH!



IT STARTED WITH OLD JOSIAH BENT FONDLING
THE BALES OF SKINS AT WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS
HIS **SECRET** CACHE...

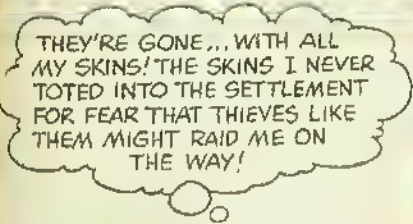
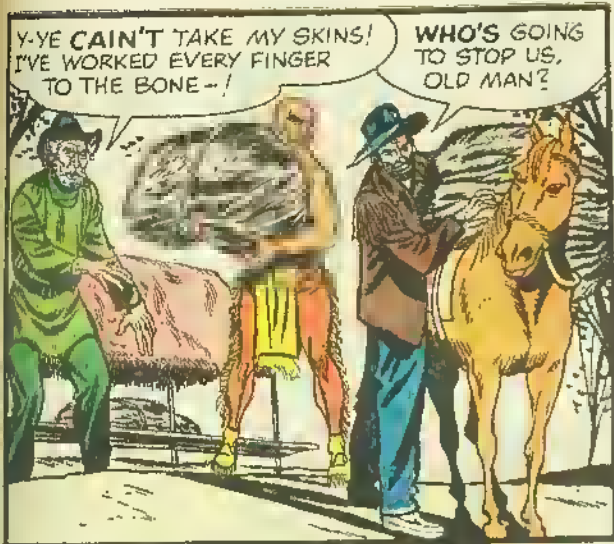


FOUR LONG YEARS I'VE SPENT A-PILIN' UP
THIS WEALTH IN SKINS! FOUR-LONG-
YEARS!

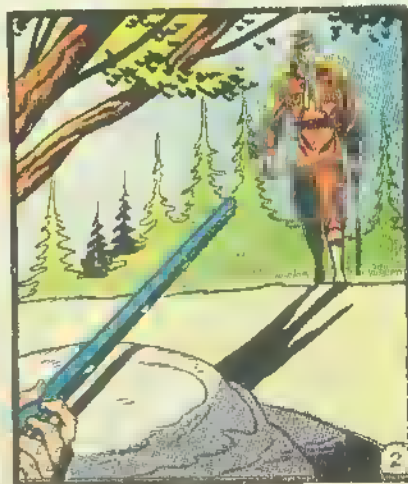
SUDDENLY--! WAL, WHAT DO YE KNOW--
SPOTTED DOG'S TALE OF
A MISERLY TRAPPER TURNED OUT TO BE
TRUTHFUL!

FOREST RUNNERS!



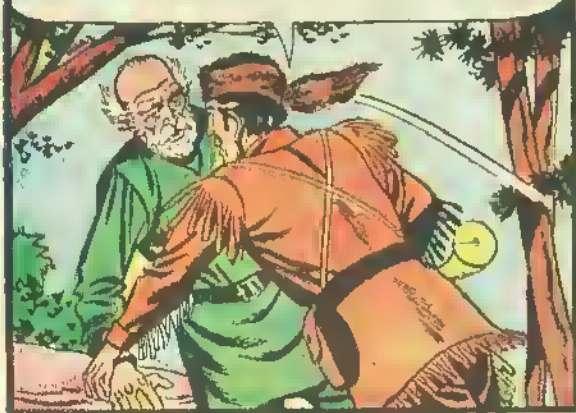


BUT THE MAN COMING CLOSE TO JOSIAH BENT'S CACHE WASN'T ONE OF THE FOREST RUNNERS! HE WAS DAN'L BOONE...!





YOUR SHOT WENT WILD, JOSIAH BENT—AND NOW YE'D BETTER TALK FAST! WHAT WAS YOUR REASON FOR USIN' A FRIEND FOR TARGET PRACTISE AND FORCIN' HIM TO PLAY POSSUM?



AFTER HEARING THE OLD TRAPPER OUT...

THE FOREST'S NO PLACE FOR A MAN WITH A MISERLY STREAK, BENT—THOSE SKINS SHOULD HAVE BEEN BROUGHT INTO A TRADIN' POST LONG AGO!... WAL, RECKON I'VE SERMONIZED LONG ENOUGH-- WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR?



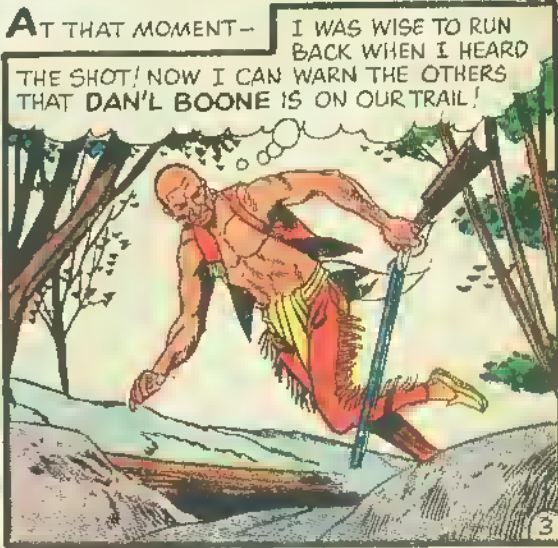
—LET'S GET ON THE TRAIL OF THE VARMINTS THAT STOLE THE SKINS!



AT THAT MOMENT—

I WAS WISE TO RUN BACK WHEN I HEARD

THE SHOT! NOW I CAN WARN THE OTHERS THAT DAN'L BOONE IS ON OUR TRAIL!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE FOREST
RUNNERS' HIDEOUT...

WHAT?! YE
WERE SO CLOSE
TO BOONE AND
YE DIDN'T TAKE
A SHOT AT
HIM?

WHAT IF I
HAD
MISSED?
BOONE WOULD
HAVE SHOT AT
ME...AND BOONE
NEVER MISSES!



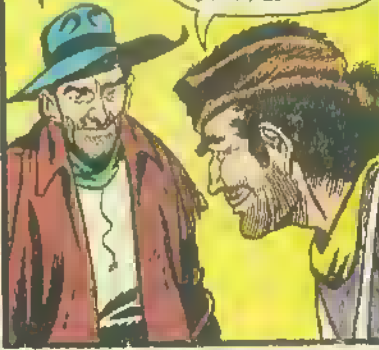
SPOTTED DOG
DID RIGHT!
BOONE'S TOO
MUCH FOR
ONE MAN
TO TACKLE!

WHAT'RE YE
SAYIN' - THAT
WE SHOULD
LEAVE THE SKINS
IN THE CABIN
FOR HIM...AND
RUN FOR OUR
LIVES?

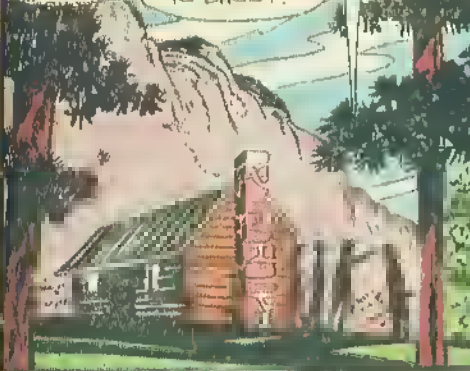


HMMM - COULD BE BOONE WOULD
EXPECT US TO DO JUST THAT!
COULD BE THAT HE'D JUST STAND
HERE, GRINNIN' AT
THE SIGHT OF THE
EMPTY CLEARIN',
PATTIN' HIMSELF
ON THE BACK....

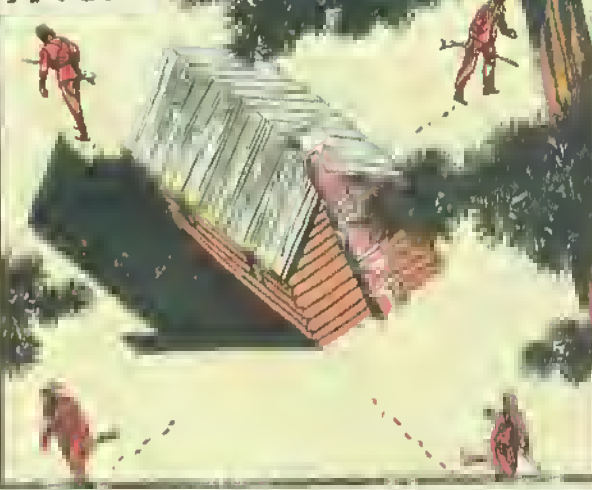
I GET THE
DRIFT - AND
ALL THE TIME
IT'D BE A
AMBUSH HE'D
STEPPED INTO!



...THAT'S HOW WE'LL WORK IT! WE'LL FAN
OUT - EACH OF US CLIMB A TREE AT THE
EDGE OF THE CLEARIN' - AND THE MOMENT
I JUDGE BOONE TO BE A CLEAR TARGET
FOR ALL OF US, I'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL
TO SHOOT!



AND SO --



NOT LONG AFTER, AT DUSK -

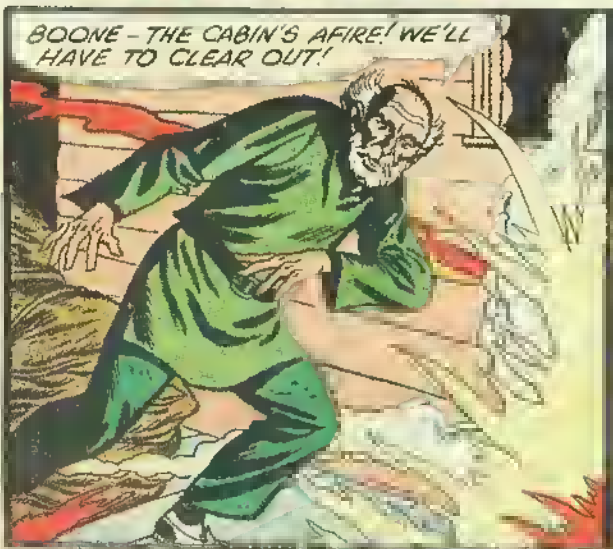
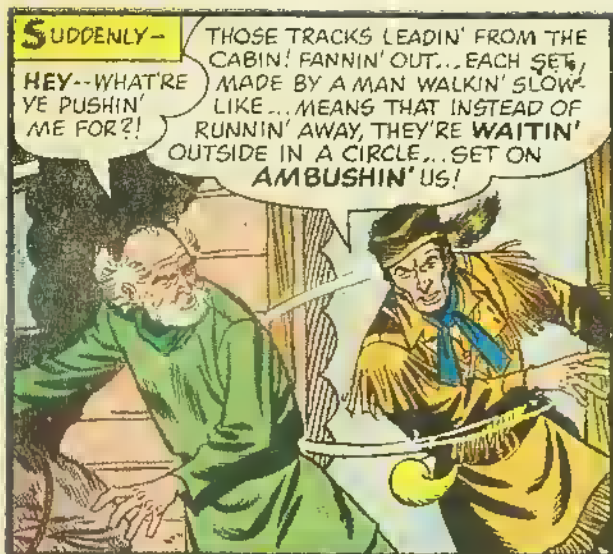
LOOKS LIKE HERE'S WHERE
THEY'VE TOTTED YOUR
SKINS TO, JOSIAH.

THERE'S NOT A
BLOODHOUND
ALIVE, DAN'L BOONE,
THAT COULD HAVE
STUCK CLOSER TO THEIR
TRAIL THAN YOU!



BUT A BLOODHOUND WOULD BE SNIFFIN' US
NOW... HE'D KNOW THIS WAS AN **AMBUSH**!



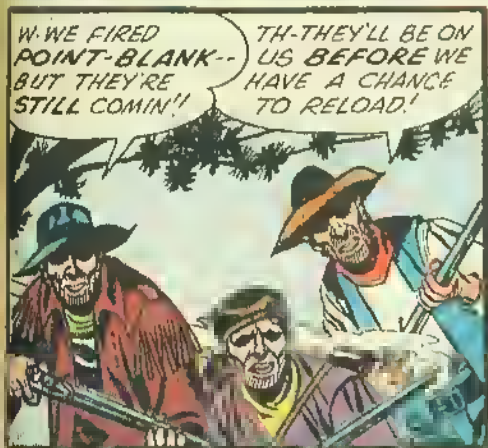


WE'VE SMOKED 'EM OUT! SHOOT,
MEN -- SHOOT!



W-WE FIRED
POINT-BLANK--
BUT THEY'RE
STILL COMIN'!

TH-THEY'LL BE ON
US BEFORE WE
HAVE A CHANCE
TO RELOAD!



THESE SHIELDS MADE
OF LAYERS OF YOUR
SKINS HAVE DONE A
RIGHT-FINE JOB OF
BULLET-STOPPIN',
JOSIAH!

THEY SURE HAVE, DAN'L!
AND TO THINK MY MISERLY
STREAK MADE ME CRY
OUT FOR YE TO STOP WHEN
YOU STARTED SLASHIN'
THOSE SKINS INTO SHAPE!

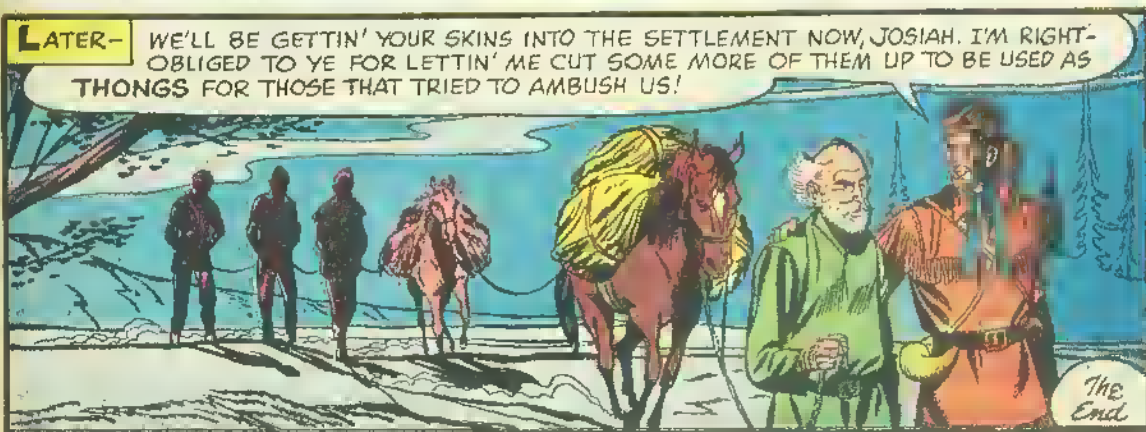


NO HARM DONE, JOSIAH -- THEY'RE THE ONES
YELLIN' FOR ME TO STOP NOW!



LATER--

WE'LL BE GETTIN' YOUR SKINS INTO THE SETTLEMENT NOW, JOSIAH. I'M RIGHT-
OBLIGED TO YE FOR LETTIN' ME CUT SOME MORE OF THEM UP TO BE USED AS
THONGS FOR THOSE THAT TRIED TO AMBUSH US!



The
End



RADIO



ROY ROGERS
FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS
BINOCULARS



GARRY HAYES
FISHING KIT



RADIUM DIAL
POCKET WATCH



GIRLS' SHOULDER
STRAP BAG



SPORTS
EQUIPMENT



ROLLER
SKATES



JET ENGINE
PLANE 12 IN.
500 FEET



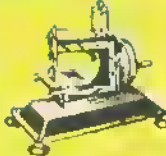
TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER
BAG



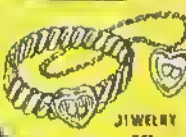
TABLE TENNIS SET



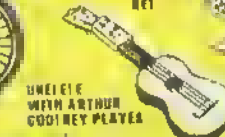
SEWING MACHINE



BOYS' OR GIRLS'
BICYCLE



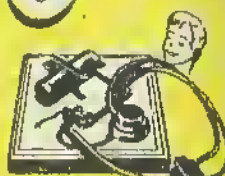
JEWELRY
SET



UNIQUE
WITH ARTHUR
GOODY PLAYERS



WOODBURNING SET



HAND RECEPTION
SET FOR SCOUTS



PRESSURE
COOKER



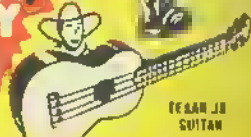
ARCHERY SET



VANITY SET



WRIST WATCHES
FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS



FEAR JR
GUITAR



ROY
ROGERS
OR ONE
OF HIS
LAMP



ELECTRONIC
TWO-WAY
WALKIE-TALKIE



MEN-WOMEN-BOYS-GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE
MONEY
TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . in dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, 15 Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . **ALL WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST.** You don't ask or invest a cent—we send you everything you need **ON TRUST.** Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions on many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you **FREE!**

SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship **AT ONCE PREPAID** your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Mottos **ON 15 DAYS TRUST.** When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. **Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!**

FREE Membership in FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottoes and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you **FREE** a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—**PLUS** many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. E-115 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, ILL. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

Please rush to me on 15 days credit: 24 Religious Wall Mottoes, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include Big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission, as explained.

NAME _____ AGE _____
STREET or R.F.D. _____
TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY!...We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. E-115 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois

KIDS!

BE THE FIRST
to send for the
new plastic

KINGS

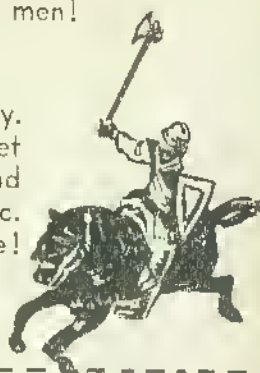
Knights

ONLY
\$1.00
postpaid



Now you can form your own battle lines, storm castle walls, and live in those glorious pages of history when men were men!

Here is terrific fun for everyone in the family. For only \$1.00 postpaid we will send you a set of colorful battle horses, men in armor, and weapons, all in beautiful non-breakable plastic. The weapons and banners are interchangeable!



HERE IS WHAT YOU GET:

- 6 Knight battle horses in armor.
- 6 Mounted Knights in armor.
- 4 Foot Knights in armor.
- 10 Interchangeable weapons.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

DAVY CROCKETT FLASHLIGHT



FLIP IT UP...

IT LIGHTS



\$1.

Complete with genuine
**DURA-SUEDE
BELT LOOP**

Double-barrelled, super-powered 2 cell
Davy Crockett flashlight... with red top
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HERE'S MY DOLLAR!

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Name

Address

City State

NO COD'S